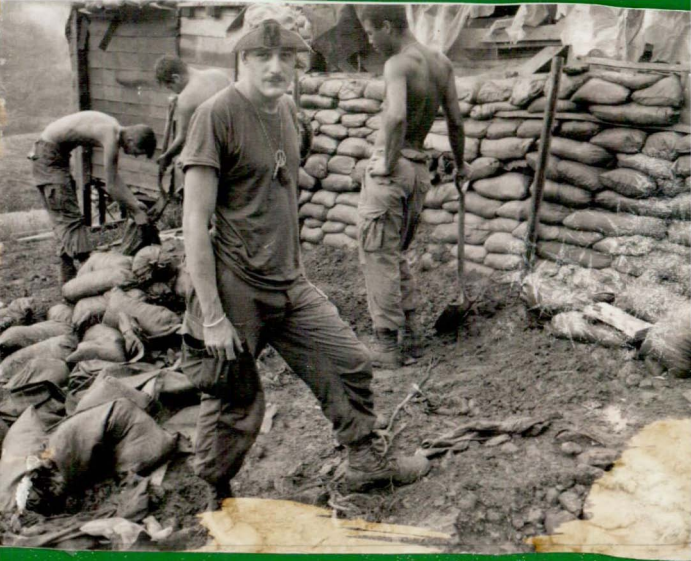




**Bill Whitney at LZ Center, 196th LIB,
July 1968**



9

⁶⁶⁶
CROSBY
EDGAR S JR
AF 11750876

**'Bub' Crosby served with
Air Force in Thailand**



**Cliff Adams, 2nd Bn, 3rd Marines, near Cam Lo,
December 1968 or January 1969**

Dr. Dennis Ross

MIDDLEBURY — Dr. Dennis Ross, 52, died Monday at home after a seven-month battle with cancer.

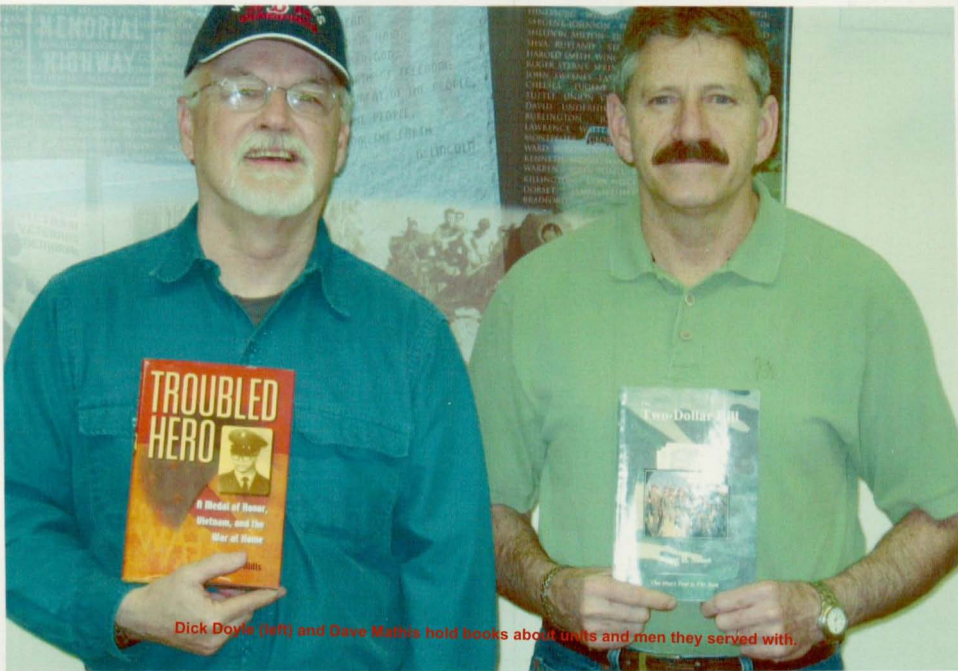
He was born June 7, 1947, in Fairview Park, Ohio, son of Harley and Gladys Ross.

He enlisted in the U.S. Navy as a corpsman. He served two terms in Vietnam with the marines in 1967 and 1968. He also joined the Army Reserves from 1989 to 1996.



After his military service in 1970 he formally began his career in nursing, receiving an associate's degree in 1971

from Cuyahoga Community College in Ohio, a bachelor's degree from the University of Cincinnati in 1974, and a master's degree from the University of California in San Francisco in 1978. He earned a second master's degree from Castleton and continued his doctoral work in nursing at Case Western Reserve in Cleveland in 1992.



Dick Doyle (left) and Dave Mathis hold books about units and men they served with.

Donald L. Monahan of Rutland





Gary Hall of Shrewsbury, killed in action on 8-29-68 in Vietnam



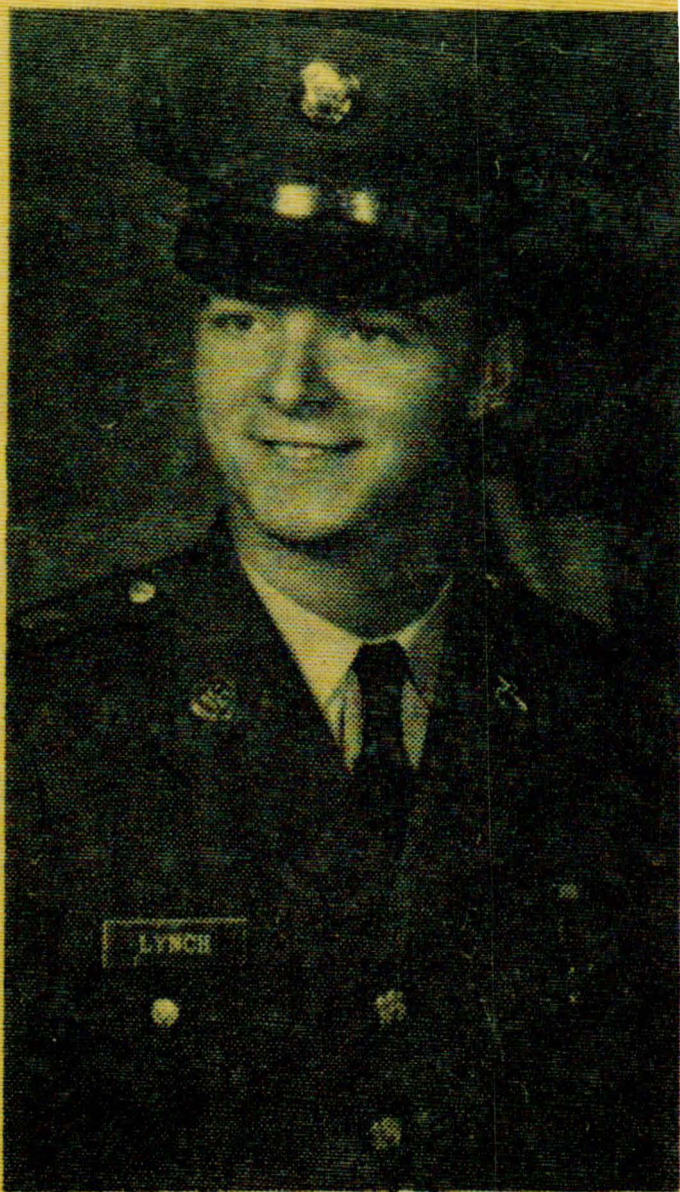
Gary Hall of Shrewsbury, killed in action on 8-29-68 in Vietnam



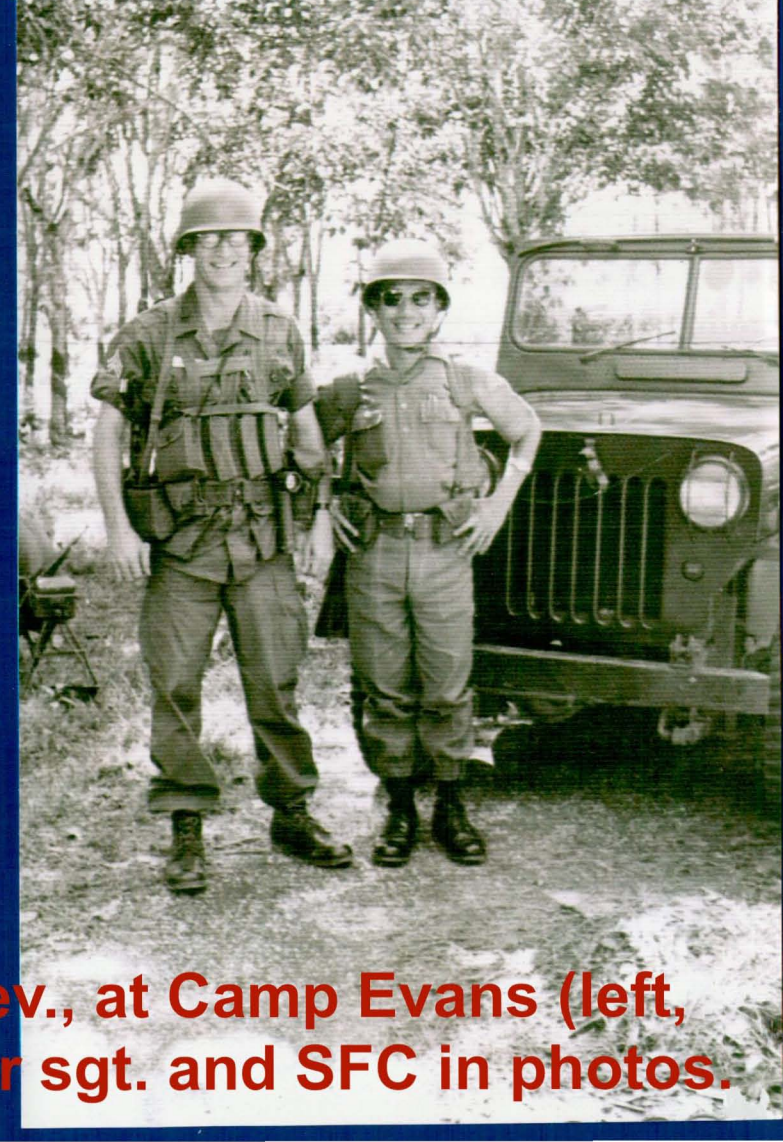
**Jack Crowther, 2nd Bn., 2nd Inf., at Lai Khe,
late 1965 or early 1966**







Spec. 4 Joseph L. Lynch, USA, is serving in Phu Loi, Vietnam, with the 1st Infantry Division's 4th Squadron, 4th Cavalry. Spec. 4 Lynch is an armored personnel carrier driver. He arrived in Vietnam in January. Spec. 4 Lynch is the son of Mrs. Pheobe Lynch of 15 Forest St. and the late Francis Lynch. He attended Mount St. Joseph Academy.



Sgt. Maj. Lloyd Ralph (ret.), a Chapter 1 member from Sparks, Nev., at Camp Evans (left, 1970), Dau Tieng (center, 1966), and Dau Tieng (1965). Was a master sgt. and SFC in photos.



SP4 Mike Gilligan, Bam Me Thout VietNam
with 131st VT Engineers National Guard,
taken early 1969.



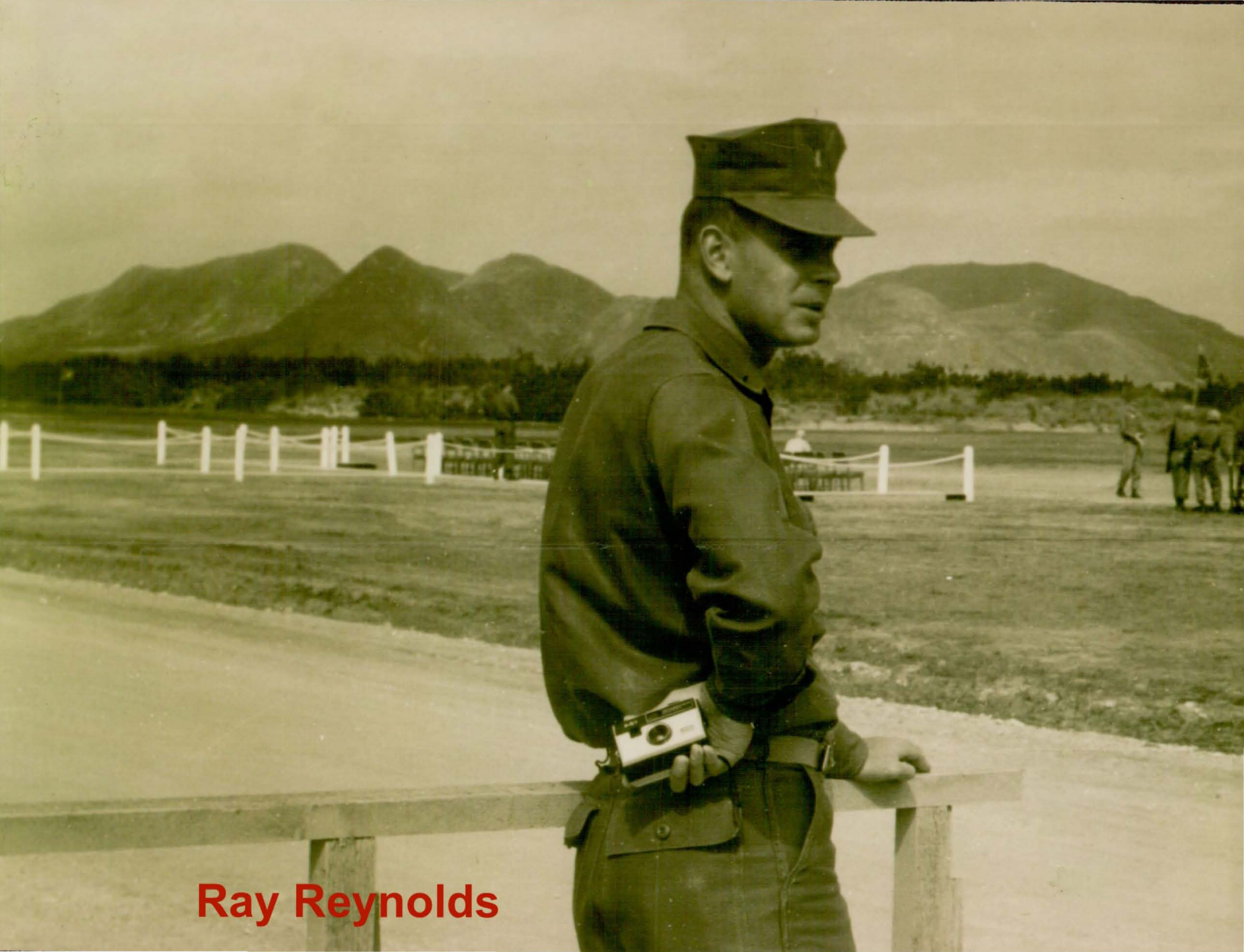
Capt. John Gilligan, NKP Thailand, with
56th SOW, USAF somewhere near Mekong
and Nakon Phanom Village. 1969



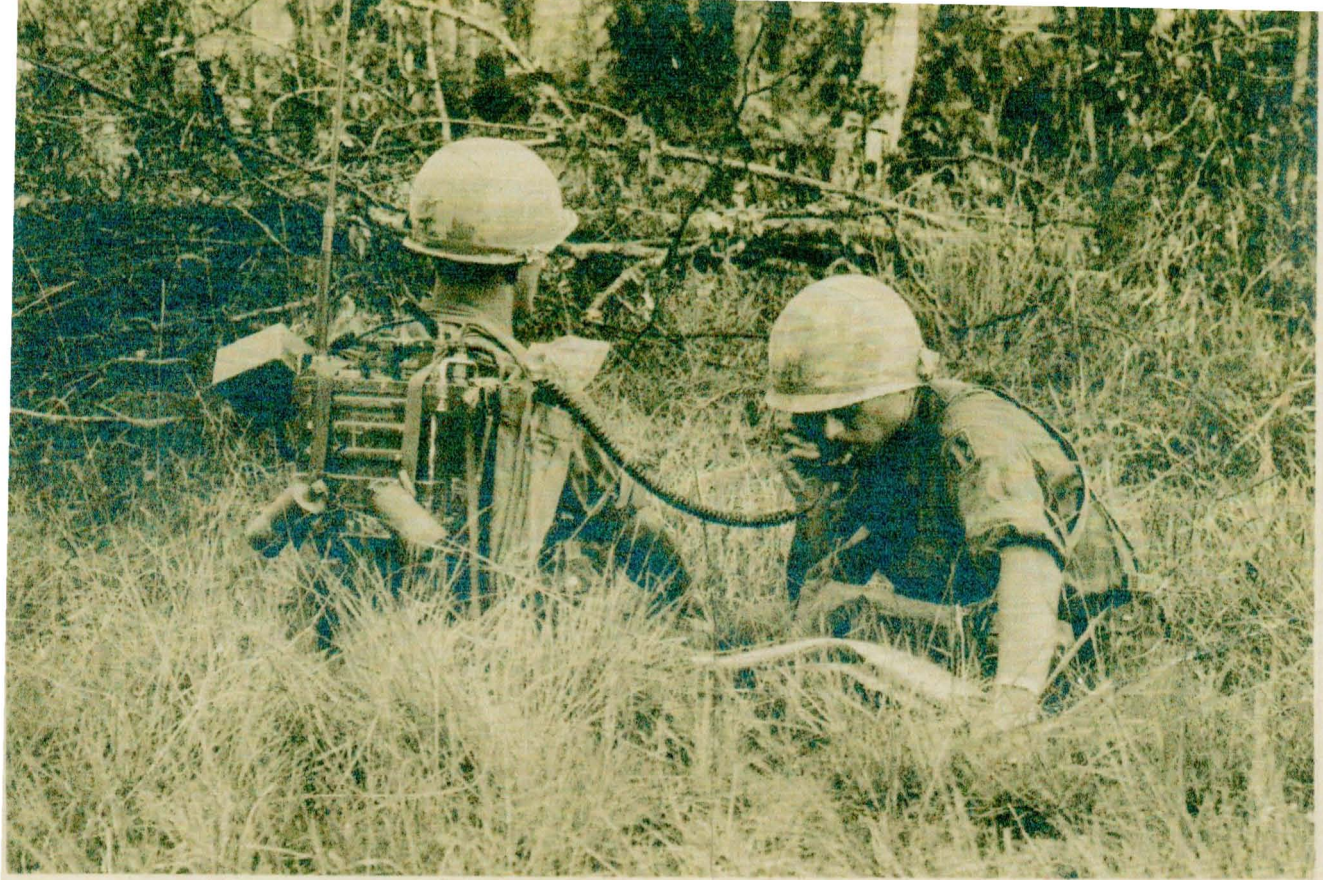
**USMC Cpl. Mike Boston on USS
Guadalcanal in January 1967**



Pictured at Can Tho Army Airfield. Doug is a Chapter 1 member from Ashford, Conn.



Ray Reynolds



Capt. Roberto Eaton, a Chap.1 member living in Paraguay, is shown while serving with Co. B/4/12 Inf., 199 LIB. Roberto is at right in both photos.



November 9, 1995
Vol. XXI, No. 45



Photo courtesy of Sam Bunge

Army Lt. Sam Bunge crawls out of a tunnel in Vietnam in 1968. "As I recall, we didn't find much there," he said this week, a few days before Veterans Day, which is Saturday.

Water buffaloes, anger and irony Vietnam veteran remembers controversial war

By THEO FRANCIS
Pilot writer

Sam Bunge remembers seeing the seven or eight new arrivals sitting by the helicopter pad at a firebase overlooking the A Shau valley in northern South Vietnam.

They were looking at the 15 or so body bags on the other side of the pad, and he could tell they were replacements recently rotated in because their uniforms hadn't faded yet.

He went over to talk to them.

It was 1969, and the soldiers told him they hadn't been through replacement training in Vietnam.

They hadn't even had their gun sights adjusted, and they were waiting for a helicopter to take them to Hamburger Hill, a

battle in which the U.S. military suffered large losses.

That scene, Bunge said, sums up much of his tour of duty in the Vietnam War.

"Talk about exploitation. That was sickening, seeing those guys sitting in the hot sun looking at all those dead ones," said Bunge, who was a lieutenant in the U.S. Army's 101st Airborne Division.

Now, just before Veterans Day 26 years after he returned from Vietnam, he said he is still angry about the war and the "ignorant, prideful old men" that sent him and other men his age there.

"I'm glad to be back," he said. "There are a lot of what-ifs. I could have been a puddle on the ground. I had the person beside me killed more than once."

Bunge entered the army after

he graduated from college and ROTC in 1967. He chose the infantry because "serving in the army might as well mean serving in the army, not the supply corps."

"I was ignorant when I went over," he added.

After training here and in Vietnam, he and his platoon were positioned first north of Saigon and then near Hue, right near the border with North Vietnam.

On a typical day, the company would walk a few miles, usually stopping to search for guns, ammunition or even surplus rice.

"We'd get some sniper fire, maybe flush out the enemy, but not very often," he said.

Then, after setting up a defensive perimeter, a third of the

Continued on page 8

Veteran: Movies about Vietnam largely miss the mark

Continued from page 1

company would be on watch all night. The other two thirds would be up half the night.

"If this sounds like not much sleep, you're right," he said. "People were chronically tired. If I had five minutes, I could get some sleep, useful sleep."

Water, too, was always present, either standing in pools or falling from the sky, he said. "You'd never be dry. Putting on a dry sock would be a big pleasure."

As part of the infantry, Bunge and his men were usually supposed to find the enemy and hold them in place until artillery or airborne attacks could kill them, he said. The "search-and-destroy" missions were often called "search-and-avoid" by soldiers more interested in surviving their 12 months than winning the war.

Once, after being shot at, Bunge led his troops into a nearby hamlet to look for the sniper.

"Of course, they ran," Bunge said. "We were walking through this hamlet and finding no one, and I noticed the first couple houses were on fire."

"The squad leader had torched the houses."

The platoon's previous lieutenant made it a policy to burn villages that had housed a sniper, Bunge said. But usually the villagers had no say in whether Communist guerrillas came or went.

"Why should they lose their houses because that happened?" he said. "I said don't burn anything without my saying so."

Much of what happened in the war was decided on that level, he said.

Some unit leaders were more principled than others, and some were capable of atrocities like those at My Lai, he said. U.S. troops under the command of Lt. William Calley Jr. massacred hundreds of men, women and children at that village on March 16, 1968.

Altogether, Bunge said the Vietnam War was only vaguely like movies and television suggest.

"I thought *Platoon*, (directed)

by Oliver Stone, was good at capturing the mood of being under fire," Bunge said. "I've watched *The Deer Hunter* several times — I've never understood it."

But the movie and television show *M.A.S.H.* perhaps best displays the attitude of the war, even though it is ostensibly about the Korean War, he said.

Bunge punctuates his story with wry wartime humor and the ironies of his experience in Southeast Asia.

"People were enraged, but there was some tremendously clever stuff to come out of the war experience," he said.

His photo album has pictures of smiling GIs at the beach and a sign restricting a military road to certain American units and the North Vietnamese Army's 22nd

"It takes enormous psychological effort to be able to say that it was a waste."

— Sam Bunge

regiment.

Now, when first asked, he refers to his stint in the 101st Airborne as the government's "post-graduate, all-expenses paid trip" to Southeast Asia.

Magazines during the war showed soldiers laden with gear trudging through water and mud — and with a peace button pinned on their uniforms, he said.

Now he remembers how soldiers were wary of the ubiquitous water buffalo that helped Vietnamese peasants tend their rice fields.

"It was just funny to see a platoon of heavily armed 20-year-olds be intimidated by these things, and have a 4-year-old make it move with a stick," he said.

Many of the jokes, however, were bitter, especially among veterans back in the states.

"After 12 months in Vietnam," he said, recounting one, "some old friend would say: Hey, Joe, where've you been? I haven't seen you in a few weeks."

Unlike the veterans of World Wars I and II, Vietnam veterans returned to a vastly changed world, political turmoil and little gratitude, Bunge said.

"Most people didn't care, or thought the war was right, or felt like they didn't have the power to change it," he said. "That was one of the most frustrating things — life was just going on."

After returning to the states, Bunge decided to make an effort to let other veterans know how he felt.

"I tell them welcome home, even now," he said. "I've done it this year."

Bunge said he was able to readjust with the help of his wife, Linda, and support from other members of Vietnam Veterans Against the War. "No one could say these guys were unpatriotic. We'd been there. We'd seen it."

Despite the war's ironies and Bunge's quiet jokes, he says the war was anything but positive for the veterans who fought in it — or for the United States, which pulled out in 1975, having lost 56,000 U.S. lives and failed to keep the South Vietnamese government in power.

"I don't think anything good for the United States came out of it, or for South Vietnam or North Vietnam," Bunge said. More than 1.3 million Vietnamese died in the war.

The war's legacy, he said, was almost entirely negative: heroin addiction among many U.S. troops, Agent Orange, napalm, mines scattered throughout the Vietnamese countryside, thousands of deaths, even a growing lack of faith in the U.S. government.

"People now assume the government is telling us lies. Before Vietnam, people assumed they were telling us the truth," he said.

Not all veterans will agree with him, Bunge said.

Some, especially those who have more "invested" in the war, find it difficult or impossible to

see that it was worthless, he said.

"I was lucky. I didn't get killed or, worse, maimed," he said. "I was able to get out without any psychological trauma."

"I was just inconvenienced: I was separated from my wife, people were trying to kill me. But they didn't succeed."

"For some people, people who lost a brother or who were maimed, it's harder to look at it," he said. "It takes enormous psy-

chological effort to be able to say that it was a waste."

The nation's so-called Vietnam syndrome — marked by a national reluctance to fight except with a huge advantage — and the problems brought on by the Southeast Asian war will not go away quickly, Bunge said.

"The United States isn't over the Civil War yet. We're not going to be able to get over Vietnam for a long, long time."

Veterans to discuss wars with Petersburg students

Petersburg High School students will come face to face with war on Friday as local veterans try to explain what they lived through and how it changed them and this country.

In an 8 a.m. program run through the high school, six or seven local veterans from World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War will tell students their stories, according to Syd Wright, a veteran of WWII and Korea.

"The idea behind the program is to remind students about the wars that have been conducted and what they had to do with our country," Wright said.

Fought to defend high American values like freedom of religion and the press, this country's wars gave rise to much more than the battles and deaths commonly mentioned, Wright said.

Atomic power, racial integration, better military training and the United Nations are just a few of the practical outcomes of the wars, he said.

Furthermore, the nation is slower to go to war now and more careful when it does, Wright said.

And some things taken for granted now and in the past were tested during this century's wars, he added.

"From my first (World War

II) company of 100 white faces to a black chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to possibly a black president — in just 50 years," Wright said. "If that isn't a dramatic change, I don't know what is."

During the Korean War, when Gen. Douglas MacArthur disobeyed President Harry Truman, Truman sacked the general.

That was the first serious test of the country's system of civilian control over the military, he said. It was successful, which again sets the United States apart from much of the rest of the world.

Decisions not to use atomic bombs in Korea and Vietnam also shaped the Cold War and its eventual end, he said.

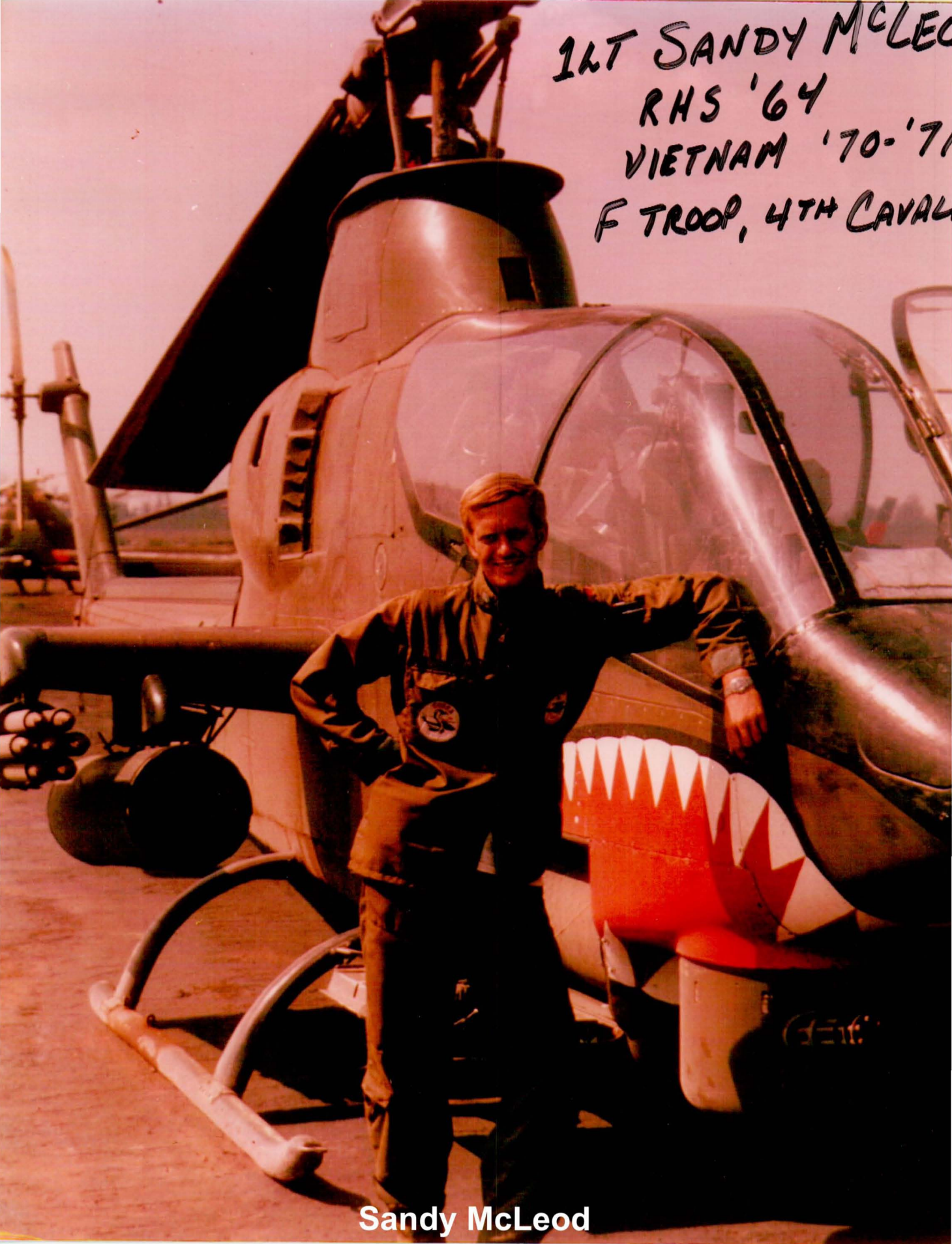
Wright said he held a gathering like the one planned for Friday when he was Petersburg's high-school principal 10 years ago, but it hasn't been done since.

"When I was in the fifth grade in Wisconsin, we heard from one of the last surviving Civil War veterans," Wright said.

"The principal had an assembly and brought him in."

"I was maybe 10 years old at the time, but I still remember that," he said. "That's probably the root of this."

1LT SANDY MCLEOD
RHS '64
VIETNAM '70-'71
F TROOP, 4TH CAVALRY



Sandy McLeod

COL SANDY MCLEOD
US ARMY TANK-
AUTOMOTIVE
COMMAND
DETROIT, MI
1994

Col. Sandy McLeod

Local Rifleman Survived Big Vietnamese Ambush

Spec. 4 Richard F. Spooner
Was Mortar Observer in
'Russian Wolfhounds'.

"Charlie usually ran when we fired, but these people were North Vietnamese regulars and they stayed put. They pinned us down for 32 hours. We went in there with 111 men and came back with 39."

That's how Spec. 4 Richard F. Spooner described the ambush of his unit during Operation Attleboro on Nov. 4 and 5, 1966, in South Vietnam.

Spec. 4 Spooner, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Spooner of Chittenden, returned last week after a one-year tour of duty with Company C of the 25th Infantry Division's 2nd Battalion, 27th Infantry — the famed "Russian Wolfhounds" of World War II and Korea.

The 20-year-old infantryman had one of the Army's most dangerous jobs — forward observer for a 4.2 inch mortar platoon.

During Operation Attleboro, he was attached to the infantry company when it was surrounded by a regiment of North Vietnamese regulars.

"The only officer left after awhile was an artillery forward observer," Spooner said. "He called in 26 air strikes. We were out of range of the mortars, so I called in artillery fire for the company."

Spoooner said that he called in shells within 30 yards of his position. The shells — eight-inch and 155-millimeter — have an 80-yard burst radius, so Spooner was actually calling in fire on his own position.

"We were within hand grenade range of the enemy," he said. During the 32-hour battle, Spooner called in more than 1,000 shells for the company.

The enemy ring was broken at last when elements of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade broke through to the beleaguered company. Among the soldiers in that unit was Sgt. Dwight Davis of Rutland, who also recently returned from Vietnam.

Spoooner got out of the ambush without injury, but he was wounded twice in other operations, and still walks with a limp.

On Sept. 29, 1966, booby trap fragments struck him in the arm while he was on patrol. On Feb. 15, a Viet Cong guerrilla — a "Charlie" — threw a grenade at Spooner, who dived for cover, but got hit in both legs with shrapnel.

After his current leave, Spec. 4 Spooner will report to Ft. Carlson, Colo., for duty with the



SPEC. 4 SPOONER

5th Infantry Division
(Mechanized).

Spoooner joined the Army in February, 1966, after graduating from Mount St. Joseph Academy in June, 1965. After basic training at Ft. Dix, N. J., and advanced infantry training at Ft. Gordon, Ga., he won his paratrooper's wings at Ft. Benning, Ga.

He arrived in Vietnam on July 12, 1966.

**Rut. Herald
July 21, 1967**



When Surviving Hurts More Than Dying

By YVONNE DALEY

Twenty-three years ago, Tom Neary, a Rutland youth who had just turned 20, crawled through the tall grass of a hillside outside Khesanh, South Vietnam, somehow spared by the bullets that claimed, one after another, the other Marines in his platoon.

Thirteen days later, numb with grief and survivor's guilt as he helped retrieve more bodies of slain Americans caught in an ambush, a bullet finally found him. By nightfall, Neary's body had been piled with the dozens of other young Americans who had died on that bright, sunny day in a tree-encircled meadow near CamLo.

Neary wasn't dead, but he couldn't tell anyone that. His vocal chords had been damaged by a bullet that had shattered his jaw and neck. He lay among the dead for hours. But some-

"Then, there was just me ... I was pinned there for quite some time ... It seemed like an eternity. There were bodies all around. If I tried to move, they shot at me. You could taste the ammunition in the air."

Tom Neary

how, someone discovered he was still breathing and he was eventually transported to a hospital in Danang for treatment.

Somehow, he survived the bombing of the hospital near the Danang airstrip. Somehow, he survived weeks of infection and spiking fevers, the 16 months of treatment and opera-

tions — only to arrive home to Rutland in time for the death of his favorite person in the world, his mother.

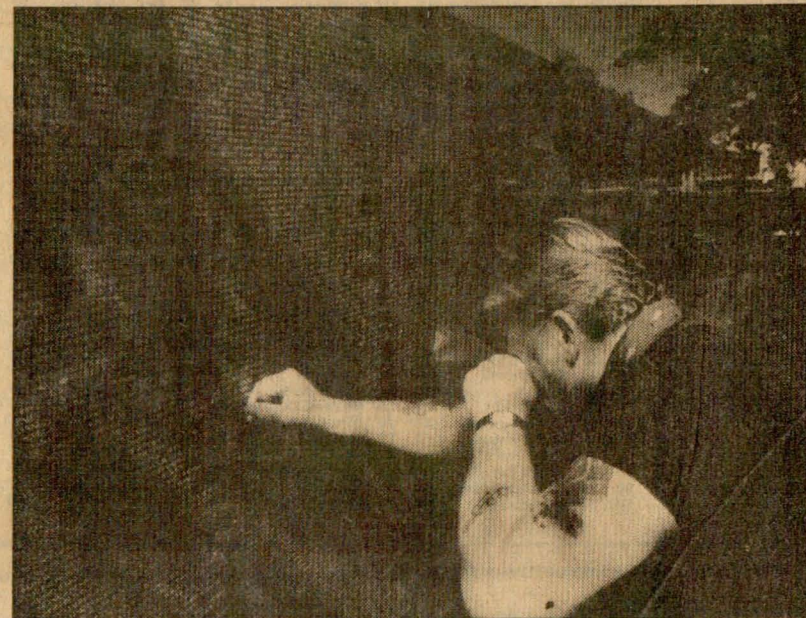
Physically, the military doctors had pieced Neary back together. But the burden of seeing his entire platoon killed, the burden of survival, the fear of losing one more loved one be-

came a heavy load. Neary became a loner with emotional problems that he tried hard, by himself, to keep at bay.

He couldn't sleep. He had nightmares, but told no one. Instead, he closed himself off from family and friends. Whenever something good happened in his life, he felt guilty, ashamed that those buddies of his, Tex and Yankee, Boo and Billy, his best friends during the worst of times, weren't having any good times at all.

Neary suffered from what has become known as Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, but he didn't know it.

Last week, Neary's Vietnam War had a kind of closure when he stood before the Moving Wall, a replica of the Vietnam War Memorial that has been on display at Main Street Park in Rutland for the past 10 days. As
(See Page 12: Veteran)



Staff Photo by Vyto Starinskas

The Moving Wall, like the permanent monument it represents in Washington, can help heal even as it hurts to read the names of friends who died in Vietnam.

Veteran

Continued from page one

if it was part of a prescription for inner peace, for the first time, Neary was able to trace the names of the other members of the 1st battalion, 9th Marines, 3rd Division who died on April 16, 1968 on a hillside outside of Khesanh.

Neary says that without the help of Tim Beebe — team leader at the Vet Center in White River Junction and a specialist in the treatment of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder — he would never have been able to find the names of his slain platoon mates, most of whom he knew by nickname and hometown, rather than by first and last name.

More fundamentally, Neary says that without Beebe, he might not be here at all.

□

Neary says everyone should visit the Vietnam Memorial — the first to list the names of the dead — to see the loss and pray to God it never happens again. But back in 1966, Neary was just a Rutland High School graduate who joined the Marines because his country gave him a job to do.

He had survived a first 13-month stint in Vietnam and was back for a second, abbreviated tour of duty. At home in April, 1968 more and more people were questioning the war and President Johnson was determined to hold Khesanh. His chief of staff of the army, Gen. William Westmoreland, had announced, "We are not, repeat not, going to be defeated at Khesanh."

Neary and the other members of his already understaffed platoon knew nothing about the political aspects of the battle. But, he says, as they sat on one hillside looking down as one after another platoon of Marines was sent to try to gain control of an adjacent hillside and didn't come back, the six men knew they were going to die.

Finally, he recalled, Yankee said, "It's our turn to go up." First Boo was shot. Then Yankee. Then two more. Finally, there were only two of them left and no more troops coming behind them. His buddy raised himself up to try to see where the North Vietnamese were shooting from and, when he did, he was shot in the face.

"Then, there was just me. Every time I tried to crawl to one of my friends, they would fire at me. I was pinned there for quite some time. I don't know how long. It seemed like an eternity. There were bodies all around. If I tried to move, they shot at me. You could taste the ammunition in the air," he said.

Finally, he was able to make it down the hill to a crater blown in the hillside, where a corpsman was working on two wounded Marines. Neary recalled the medic warned him to move along and, as he did, the crater was hit from the air.

"I laid on the other side of the crater for a while when I saw my other friend, Billy, who had helped take a body down the hill a while before — he was dear to me — start coming toward me. I kept yelling at him to get down," recalled Neary.

But his warning was to no avail and, as he watched, Billy was shot. Later that day, Neary held his hand far into the night. By morning, his friend was dead. When someone read the roll call the next morning, "I just said they're all gone," said Neary.

Forty-five men were killed that day. The fighting had been so heavy that the bodies of his platoon mates killed on the hillside were left behind when the surviving troops were taken out by helicopter.

"That's haunted me, that and watching Billy get shot. He saved my life earlier. I almost felt like a coward. I know I couldn't have gotten to him in time. Maybe I would've been killed if I tried. There's times that I wished I had," he said.

The company "was so beat up, they didn't know what to do with us," he recalled. Briefly, the military thought of sending them to Okinawa for retraining. Neary, whose second tour of duty was nearly over, was hop-

ing for that.

Instead, the troops were moved to CamLo and assigned to work with an Army outfit. "I don't even remember where the hell we were going. It was April 29, 1968. I remember the day well. We all had our theories. It was late afternoon and they were sending us into a big open meadow with trees all around. We all thought they were trying to finish us off," he recalled.

As the day turned into evening, the troops began a retreat back across the big meadow. Neary had made it to safety when his lieutenant sent him back in to retreat casualties.

"I came across a tank on which they had piled a lot of bodies. A radio operator had just gotten shrapnel in the face and I brought him to the tank. The driver said 'When you get him on here, I'm going to get these guys out of here.'"

The radio operator was heavy and Neary struggled as he got him on the tank. He had just done so, when a bullet struck him in the head. His neck hurt and he was having trouble breathing, but all he could think of was that he didn't want to die there and be left behind. With all his strength, he crawled onto the pile of bodies on the tank as he took another bullet in the back.

He fell on his watch, noted it said 8 p.m., felt for the scapula medal his mother had given him and hoped the driver would get them out of there. Rounds of ammunition were bouncing off the tank when it was hit with a mortar shell and disabled. More time went by. Neary went numb and woke up later as another tank was dragging his out of the meadow.

"They separated the wounded from the dead. I remember being still alive and being piled amongst the dead. I couldn't tell anybody and there were so many bodies. Finally, somebody must've found me and put me on a chopper and sent me to a field hospital," he recalled.

Neary was hospitalized in Danang, then Guam, then Bethesda, Md., then sent to the Chelsea (Mass.) Naval Hospital. "My welcome home wasn't the best," he said, recalling how a group of protesters harassed the wounded as they were driven to the hospital.

"It scared you a little bit. We hadn't heard much about the protests in Vietnam," he said. "The U.S. gave us a job to do and you did it. But I started wondering why the hell we kept going up that hill."

□

It was not his gruesome ordeal after he was shot that tormented him, but the deaths of his platoon members. "I had a haunting guilt, survivor's guilt. It haunts me to this day. The only reason I'm here today is Tim (Beebe). I owe Tim my life," he says.

Back home, he kept his problems to himself. He was not a drinker and didn't use drugs, but as his personal life faltered, by 1983, he began to realize he needed help. For eight months he saw a therapist at the Veterans Administration Hospital but told no one. When the counselor left the job, he gave Neary Beebe's number.

"I said I didn't think I could start over with someone else. Finally I realized things were pretty bad and called Tim."

"Tim being as stubborn as I am, he brought things out. It got really bad," Neary said. Finally, in 1988, Beebe thought Neary needed more help than he could offer and recommended he try the Post Traumatic Stress Disorder program offered at the VA hospital in Palo Alto, Calif., the first of its kind in the country.

Neary turned 40 the day he entered the program. The hospital has 107 beds and still has a waiting list. Patients already in the program interview prospective patients to make sure that the vets are not fakes and are serious about wanting help.

"It's like looking at yourself in a mirror," says Neary, who stayed in the hospital for four months.

Explained Beebe: "His survivor's guilt looks very much like depression. That's where (tradi-

tional) treatment stops. Trauma intrudes in various ways that people can't control. People tell you to just forget about it, it'll go away. It doesn't go away."

He said the disorder was triggered by any number of sensory stimuli — sight, sense, smell, sound — or sometimes when a person was daydreaming. "It's the brain sending a message: 'You haven't dealt with me yet.'"

Neary explained that through his counseling at the Vet's Center and the Palo Alto hospital, he has come to see that it was not his fault that his platoon members died. He has been given tools to deal with his depression and guilt.

"Sometimes the tools aren't enough but the times they are keep you going," he said.

"I don't think I'll ever understand it, how a person like Tom can confront this pain with the hope of doing better when the option is just to fade away into the background. I don't know how they wrestle with these demons when they know they're going to last a long time," he said. "But everyone who has stuck with the program is doing better."

□

The Vet Center is located in the Gilman Office Complex on Holiday Inn Drive in White River Junction. There are also contract services available for military-related readjustment issues in Rutland, Bennington, Brattleboro, Morrisville and St. Johnsbury. The phone number is 295-2908.

At the Vet Center in White River, Beebe — who served in Vietnam from 1966 to 1967 — and two other counselors have a case load of 193 clients, half of whom are people "working on some pretty serious issues."

Beebe said the center is seeing an increase in World War II veterans coming in with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. He attributes the phenomenon to the fact that many are at retirement age. Without the distractions of work, the veterans find themselves reliving traumatic experiences.

"We think we've only gotten to about 20 percent of the (affected) vets because it's so scary and the work is so hard to do. It seems almost doubly painful to have gone to war for your country and to win freedom for others only to be emotionally handcuffed and not free yourself and then ultimately unfair to have to fight the war within yourself. But essentially that's what this is all about," said Beebe. "No one does it alone."

Says Neary: "You can't do it alone." That is why he is now telling his story, so that other veterans suffering from similar problems will seek help. He says the number of veterans who have taken their own lives since the Vietnam War, while unknown, would be daunting.

□

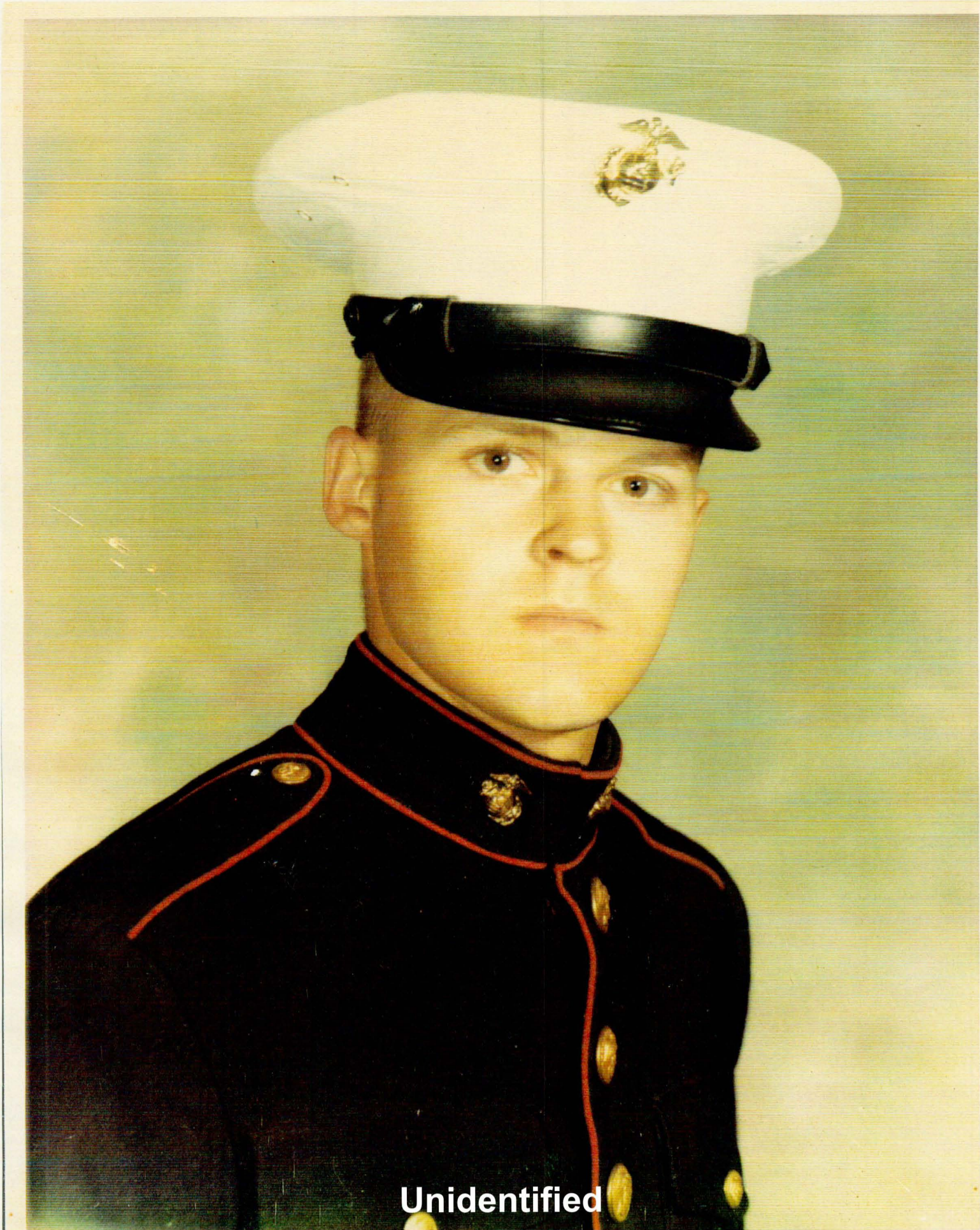
As part of his therapy, Neary had been told to go to the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington, D.C., and did so in November, 1988. But he was only able to find the names of two of his slain mates because he had known the others by their nicknames.

Earlier this month, using computer print-outs, Beebe was able to give Neary a list of the names of the military who died on April 16, 1968. Using the list and what he knew of the men, he was able to find the names of the Marines in his platoon.

When he finally found the names, all together on Panel 50, "I felt like I was there with them. I felt like I could talk to them, like I had gone to a funeral I had never been to."

The wall, says Beebe, is a thing of healing, not just for veterans but for all Americans. He tells of Gold Star mothers, long hurt that their sons' deaths were not honored, who have come by the Moving Wall during the past week to talk to veterans.

For one mother, who said she felt like people thought her son had not died in a real war and was only seven years ago asked to march in a Memorial Day parade, "what a relief it was to know that her son was in fact not alone, that he was loved," Beebe said.



Unidentified